THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 23, 1804.

DESCRIPTION *of the* LAND's END.

THE Land's End is the moſt weſterly promontory in England, and when contemplated with all its adjuncts, cannot fail of awakening the united ſenſations of awe, terror, and admiration, even in the moſt placid boſom. The huge and ragged rocks, forming a barrier to the tumultuous ſea; the immenſe expanſe of waters; the ceaſeleſs roar of the waves; the conſtantly changeful effects of light and ſhade playing on the ſurface of the deep; the gliding veſſels ſailing in all directions; the various aquatic birds wildly ſcreaming at the ſight of man, or purſuing their inſtinctive propenſities on the ſurface of the howling billows; all combine on this ſpot to rivet the attention of the mind, and fill it with emotions of aſtoniſhment at the ſublimity of the proſpect. Juſtly has the Corniſh poet* characteriſed the ſcene in the following lines:

ON THE SEA.

The ſun-beams tremble; and the purple light
Illumes the dark Bolerium, ſeat of ſtorms.
High are his granite rocks; his frowning brow
Hangs o'er the ſmiling ocean. In his caves
Th' Atlantic breezes murmur; in his caves,
Where ſleep the haggard ſpirits of the ſtorm.
Wild, dreary are the ſchiſtine rocks around,
Encircled by the wave; open to the breeze
The haggard cormorant ſhrieks; and far beyond

* Mr. Davy, the learned and ſcientific lecturer at the Royal Inſtitution.

Where the great ocean mingles with the ſky,
Are ſeen the cloud-like iſlands†, grey with miſt.

H. DAVY.

The point named the Land's End, was called by Ptolemy, Bolerium; by the Britiſh bards, Penringhuaed, or the Promontory of Blood; and by their hiſtorians, Penwith, or the Promontory to the Left. Near this craggy cliff are three caverns, in which the agitated waters occaſionally roar with tremendous fury; and ſeveral maſſes of rocks are ſeen above the ſurface of the ſea for above two miles weſt of the Land's End. Theſe are called the Long Ships: and from the dangerous ſituation of this coaſt, a light-houſe was erected on the largeſt of theſe rocks in the year 1797, by a Mr. Smith, who obtained a grant from the Trinity-Houſe for that purpoſe, and who is rewarded by a certain rate on all ſhips that paſs the Land's End.

Among the Hill Caſtles, or fortifications, in this diſtrict, thoſe of Caſtle Chun, and Caſtle An-Dinaz, are monuments of ſingular curioſity. Dr. Borlaſe contends that all the caſtles weſt of Penzance were conſtructed by the Danes; but this opinion is confuted by Mr. King, in the firſt volume of his Munimenta Antiqua, where he ſtates, that many fortreſſes of a ſimilar conſtruction remain in Wales, in Scotland, and in parts where the Danes never had acceſs. Beſides, if the ſituation and character of the above-named are examined, there can be no heſitation in attributing them to Britiſh origin.

The remains of Chun Caſtle occupy the whole area of a hill, commanding an extenſive tract of country to the eaſt, ſome low grounds to the north and ſouth, and the ocean to the weſt. It conſiſts of two walls, or rather piled heaps of ſtones, one within the other, having a vallum or kind of terrace between them. This terrace is divided with four walls; and towards the weſt-ſouth-weſt is the only entrance to the caſtle, called the Iron Gateway. This turns to the left, and is flanked with a wall on each ſide, to ſecure the ingreſs and egreſs of the inhabitants. The outer wall meaſures about five feet in thickneſs; but on the left of the entrance it is twelve feet; whilſt the inner wall may be eſtimated at about ten feet; but, from the ruinous confuſion of the ſtones, it is impoſſible to aſcertain this decidedly. The area incloſed within the latter meaſures about 125 feet in diameter, and contains a choaked up well, and the ruined foundations of ſeveral circular‡ tenements, or habitations. Theſe are connected to the inner wall, and run parallel all round it, leaving

† The Scilly Iſlands may be ſeen in clear weather from the Land's End.

‡ The plan in Borlaſe's Antiquities falſely repreſents the diviſions as ſquare.

leaving an open ſpace in the centre. The preſent ſtate of theſe ruins demonſtrates that it was conſtructed at a period before any rules of architecture were adopted in military buildings; for there appear no ſpecimens of mortar, no door-poſts, nor fire-places with chimnies; and had any of thoſe ever been uſed in this ſingular and rude fortreſs, it is exceedingly improbable but that ſome traces might be now diſcovered amidſt its vaſt ruins.

Viſible Eclipſe of the Moon on Thurſday the 26th of January, 1804.

THIS eclipſe will begin, or the ſouthern limb of the moon will appear to come in contact with the earth's real ſhadow, at forty-four minutes and thirty-one ſeconds after ſeven o'clock in the evening, apparent time at Edinburgh. The ecliptic oppoſition, or true time of full moon, will happen at forty-five minutes and thirty-one ſeconds after eight o'clock. The middle of the eclipſe, or the time of greateſt obſcuration, will take place at fifty-four minutes and one ſecond after eight o'clock; and the eclipſe will end, or the moon will be quite free of the earth's ſhadow, at three minutes and thirty-one ſeconds after ten o'clock. The duration of the eclipſe will be two hours and nineteen minutes; and the digits eclipſed on the moon's ſouthern limb four degrees forty-three minutes. The moon's horizontal diameter will be thirty-one minutes nineteen ſeconds, and her horizontal parallax fifty-ſeven minutes twenty-ſix ſeconds. About the middle of this eclipſe, the moon will be vertical to a point on the earth's ſurface, having forty-four degrees forty-five minutes of eaſt longitude, and nineteen degrees thirty-three minutes of north latitude, which anſwers nearly to Mecca, in Arabia. The eclipſe will conſequently be viſible to the inhabitants of Europe, Aſia, Africa, and the eaſtern ſtates of North and South America. The moon will riſe eclipſed to the inhabitants of the Caribbee Iſlands in the Weſt Indies, and ſet eclipſed to thoſe of the Ladrone Iſlands in the Eaſtern Ocean.

ELIZA LASCELLS: A TALE.

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THE idea of Eliza not reſting well, except in her own apartment, was a ſufficient inducement to Mrs. Laſcells to relinquiſh the thought ſhe had before entertained, and, requeſting her to retire, ſhe promiſed to bring ſomething warm to her, and ſtrongly recommended a baſin of whey. Theſe proofs of maternal tenderneſs were abſolute daggers to the heart of Eliza,

and the moment ſhe entered her apartment ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, exclaiming, " Oh! Peggy, it is impoſſible for me to deceive ſuch a mother! I cannot, Oh! I cannot be guilty of ſuch a crime."

" Crime, do you call it, Miſs Laſcells, (ſaid the artful attendant): do you call it a crime to ſave poor dear Mr. Charlton's life! for I am ſure if you ſhould go for to deceive him after your promiſe, that he would not live, no not an hour. Oh, Ma'me, you know not how he adores you! I am ſure, even to hear him talk about you, is enough to break one's heart." " And does not my mother adore me, Peggy?" inquired Eliza: " did ever parent ſo completely ſtudy the happineſs of her child? yet, ſhall I ungratefully return all her kindneſs? Oh! I wiſh that, at this moment, Heaven would put a period to my life!"—" It is a ſign, Miſs, you do not ſtudy the ſcriptures," rejoined Peggy; " for do they not ſay, that a man ſhould leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife? And is there not, think ye, Miſs, a ſtill greater duty required from us, who are bound to love and obey the men? But why ſhould I talk of duty, where love is in the queſtion? Beſides, you can leave a letter to my miſtreſs that will ſet her heart at eaſe; and all I have to ſay is, that if you go for to cheat Mr. Charlton, he'll be a corpſe before this time to-morrow night, and you'll never have another moment of happineſs, for his ſpirit will haunt you for breaking your vow."—" Say no more Peggy, in pity, I intreat you; my fate is decided, and I muſt keep my vow; but millions would I give, were they in my poſſeſſion, to avoid again ſeeing the author of my birth."—" Slip into bed then, Miſs, and only put on your night-cap," ſaid Peggy, " and when my miſtreſs comes, I'll pretend you are aſleep." Eliza followed the advice which was given her, and, when her attached parent entered, cloſed her eyes. The holding up a finger, conveyed the pleaſing intelligence to Mrs. Laſcells, that the object of her ſolicitude had already obtained repoſe; and, after gazing upon her a few minutes, ſhe delivered the beverage to Peggy, deſiring her to keep it warm until her beloved Eliza awoke. As ſoon as this amiable parent had quitted the chamber, the artful domeſtic aſſembled the already packed up trunks, and Eliza aroſe from her reclining poſture, to write a few lines to the author of her birth.

The time mentioned by Edward approached rapidly; two or three letters were written, and ſucceſſively torn, when the clock ſtruck twelve, and the ſound ſeemed to petrify and ſuſpend the pulſation of this deluded girl's heart. The impatient Peggy increaſed the agitation of her feelings. " If you wait five minutes longer, Miſs," ſhe exclaimed, " Mr. Charlton will not be alive." " Let the conſequence be what it will," replied Eliza, firmly, " I will not go until I have written my mother a few

few lines;" and again, ſeizing the pen with a hand ſcarce able to guide it, ſhe delineated the few following words:—

"Oh, my dear mother, how have I deceived you! but I have been bound to ſecreſy by a moſt ſolemn vow. Edward dreaded you ſhould inform his father of our intended marriage, but in the courſe of a fortnight he will again conduct me to your arms. Deareſt of parents, what an age ſhall I think it! Never, for a day, have I been ſeparated from your ſight. A thouſand times have I been on the point of throwing myſelf on my knees before you, and acknowledging the plan which had been formed for my flight. Can you, will you, pardon this only act of diſobedience? Will you with open arms receive your repentant child? The mere dread of your diſpleaſure drives me to diſtraction. Yet, ſurely, you cannot object to Edward Charlton for a ſon? He is already provided with a ſpecial licence, and an intimate friend is to meet us at the firſt inn, who, with Peggy and his ſervant, are to be the only witneſſes of the marriage; and, after it is performed, we are to make a tour for a few days. An aunt of my Edward's has promiſed to paint our mutual attachment to his father, and, if he ſhould prove inexorable, to ſettle upon us five hundred a-year. Oh, my mother, let me but hope that you will bleſs our union: for, deprived of that, I ſhall be a wretch indeed.

"ELIZA LASCELLS."

With trembling hands Eliza folded up this epiſtle, and with faultering footſteps deſcended the ſtairs; but, upon opening the garden gate, found herſelf encircled in the arms of the man in whoſe honour ſhe relied. "On my knees let me thank you, my adorable Eliza, for this foretaſte of felicity, this anticipation of delight," exclaimed the enraptured Edward, after reſpectfully embracing her; "and now, my adored angel, let me conduct you to the chaiſe!"

Inſtead of conducting he was abſolutely obliged to ſupport her; for the conflicting emotions ſhe endured completely overpowered her frame; and the carriage had proceeded a conſiderable diſtance before ſhe recovered the uſe of her ſpeech. Upon ſtopping at the appointed inn, a clergyman met the carriage, who addreſſed Edward by remarking, they were half an hour beyond the time; and upon entering an apartment, Eliza beheld an open prayer-book lying upon the table, and refreſhments of various kinds already prepared.

"Now, my betrothed wife," exclaimed the eager Edward, "now my ardent affection is to meet with its reward! Come, Mr. Bullard, delay not the ceremony, and then we will partake of the marriage feaſt." Peggy and Edward's valet were inſtantly ſummoned into the apartment, and the willing prieſt performed the ſacred rites. Eliza could not be perſuaded to take

any

any refreſhment, but in indeſcribable agitation retired. At ſix o'clock the next morning, the carriage was ordered, and the new married pair proceeded to a ſmall houſe which Edward had engaged, from whence a letter was to be diſpatched to Mrs. Laſcells, to make her acquainted with the event which had taken place.

While Eliza was uniting her fate to that of Edward Charlton, her too anxious parent was paſſing a ſleepleſs night, for the dejection which Eliza had diſplayed throughout the whole of the preceding evening had excited the moſt alarming emotions in her mind. As the morning dawned, however, exhauſted nature ſeemed to require the refreſhing aid of ſleep; and it was beyond the uſual hour of riſing, when Peggy received a ſummons from her miſtreſs; but, inſtead of the ſame being anſwered by Peggy, a little girl entered who Mrs. Laſcells had hired to do the inferior work, and informed her that her fellow ſervant had not made her appearance, and had not ſlept in her own bed. Terrified at the idea of Eliza's increaſed indiſpoſition, ſhe ſlipped on a wrapping gown, and hurried into her room; but judge of the dreadful ſtate of her feelings, when the object of her ſolicitude was not to be found.

The untouched whey ſtood upon the table, and the unſealed letter lay by its ſide. "My child, my child!" was all the wretched parent could articulate, while the fountain of tears ſeemed totally to be dried up. Throwing herſelf on that bed from which Eliza had ariſen, ſhe remained for ſome moments unable to move; at length, ſhe called upon the name of Mr. Herbert, and her alarmed little attendant flew inſtantly to his houſe. That worthy man inſtantly obeyed the ſummons; the ill-fated Mrs. Laſcells was ſtill reclining on the bed, and the letter which was to convey the intelligence of Eliza's marriage, ſtill remained unopened in her hand.

The ſight of Mr. Herbert ſeemed to awaken thoſe emotions which a ſhock ſo unexpected for a time had abſorbed, and exclaiming, "Oh that I ſhould have lived to feel this exceſs of anguiſh!" ſhe ſtretched out the hand which contained the letter, and burſt into tears. The agitation of the worthy rector was little inferior to that of the diſconſolate Mrs. Laſcells. "An aunt ſettle five hundred a-year upon them!" ſaid the aſtoniſhed Mr. Herbert, in a tone of doubt. "Gracious Powers!" exclaimed the ſtill more agitated parent; "ſurely he has not added deception to his other crimes!—Oh! Mr. Herbert, he cannot have betrayed my Eliza! Rather, far rather, would I hear of her death." Mr. Herbert, ſhocked that an unguarded word ſhould have eſcaped him, which ſeemed to add to afflictions already too great to bear, endeavoured to convince her, that there could not be a doubt of their marriage, and offered to undertake the office of reconciling Sir Charles himſelf. For

this purpoſe the worthy man determined to ſet out inſtantly for London, knowing that the account of an aunt was a mere fabricated tale, and believing that a young man who had acted with ſuch unpardonable deception, was capable of being guilty of ſtill greater crimes. Of the validity of the marriage he even entertained ſuſpicions, though theſe from Mrs. Laſcells he carefully concealed: but he determined to trace the fugitives to the fartheſt part of the kingdom, and himſelf perform the office of a prieſt.

(To be continued.)

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 50)

THE French army, however, ſo reſpectful of perſons and private property, had come into the kingdom deſtitute of money for the advancement of their enterprize. Its leaders promiſed that "ready money was to come over in the ſhips expected every day from France: in the mean time, whatever was brought in voluntary, or taken by neceſſity, to anſwer the occaſions of the army, ſhould be punctually paid for in drafts on the future directory of Ireland, of which the owners of the goods demanded were courteouſly invited to accept. For the firſt two or three days many people did apply for ſuch drafts to the French commiſſary of ſtores, whoſe whole time appeared to be taken up with writing them. Indeed the biſhop himſelf was of opinion that the loſers would act wiſely to accept of them, not, as he told the people, that they would ever produce payment where it was promiſed, but becauſe they might ſerve as documents to our own government, when, at a future period it ſhould come to inquire into the loſſes ſuſtained by its loyal ſubjects. The trouble, however, of the commiſſary, in iſſuing drafts on a bank in proſpect, was not of long duration. The people ſmiled firſt, and he joined himſelf in the ſmile at laſt, when he offered the airy ſecurity." Thus though private plunder for the emolument of individuals was neither allowed nor practiſed, yet the neceſſitous condition in which this army landed, obliged its leaders to adopt this mode of public regulated plunder, for its ſubſiſtence. If caſh had not been wanting to the rulers of France, they might be ſuppoſed to have acted from policy in ſending none into a country which muſt remain hoſtile, if the invaſion ſhould prove abortive; and which otherwiſe, they might think, ought to be obliged to ſuſtain the expences of its own revolution.

If neceſſity obliged the French, for the ſupport of their enterprize, to adopt a plan of public plunder, one of the chief incitements

incitements to the unfortunate peaſantry, in the country about Killala, to repair to the ſtandard of theſe invaders, was the thirſt of private pillage, the indulgence of which no efforts of their more civiliſed aſſociates could prevent. Of this the deſpoiled loyaliſts of Mayo felt the ſad effects through a large extent of country. Here, as in the ſouth-eaſtern parts, which had already ſuffered by rebellion, proteſtant and loyaliſt were terms almoſt ſynonimous. "The only perſons of the eſtabliſhed church who took arms againſt their ſovereign, in favour of the invaders, were two drunken ſots of Killala, who thinking apoſtacy the fitteſt prelude to treaſon, before they embraced the French party, did firſt publicly declare themſelves converts to the church of Rome.* That enmity to the proteſtant religion entered into the motives of the devaſtation in Connaught, cannot with any ſhew of reaſon be denied, ſince it is notorious that, except during the indiſcriminate plunder which took place at the capture of Caſtlebar, very few inſtances occurred, throughout the province, of the houſe or property of a Roman catholic being injured by the rebels.†

The miſerable bigotry of the lower claſſes of Iriſh Romaniſts was very inconſiſtent with the notions of their French allies. "The wonder was," ſays the narrator of Killala, "how the zealous papiſt ſhould come to any terms of agreement with a ſet of men, who boaſted openly in our hearing, "That they had juſt driven Mr. Pope out of Italy, and did not expect to find him ſo ſuddenly in Ireland." It aſtoniſhed the French officers to hear the recruits, when they offered their ſervice, declare, "that they were come to take arms for France and the Bleſſed Virgin." The conduct of the ſeveral prieſts, who engaged in the ſame treaſonable enterpriſe, was yet more ſurpriſing than that of their people. No ſet of men could be treated with more apparent marks of diſlike, and even contempt, than theſe were by the French, though againſt the plaineſt ſuggeſtions of policy, which recommended attention to them, both as having an influence over their flocks, and as uſeful interpreters, moſt of them, from their foreign education, being able to ſpeak a little French. Yet the commandant would not truſt to their interpretation: if he wanted to know the truth, he waited till he could ſee the biſhop"‡ to interpret for him. The proteſtants of Killala enjoyed, under the protection of the French officers, the privilege of attending divine ſervice every Sunday in the biſhop's palace, commonly called the caſtle. The cathedral remained ſhut, and the romaniſts often threatened to ſeize it for their own uſe; but they were always reſtrained by the preſence of theſe officers.

* Narrative of tranſactions at Killala, page 17.
† Narrative of tranſactions at Killala, page 118.
‡ Narrative, &c. page 97.

While a body of French forces remained in Killala, their commanders were enabled to afford effectual protection to the proteſtants. But when theſe troops were ſummoned elſewhere, and no Frenchman was left, except three officers, Charoſt, Boudet, and Ponſon, the proſpect was truly horrible. Yet providence was kind beyond expectation. "Whatever could be effected by vigilance, reſolution, and conduct, for the ſafety of a place committed to them, was to a ſurpriſing degree effected for the diſtrict of Killala by theſe three French officers, without the ſupport of a ſingle ſoldier of their own country; and that for the long ſpace of twenty-three days, from the firſt of September to the day of the battle," or recovery of Killala by the king's army. As the romaniſts, notwithſtanding the orders of the French officers for that purpoſe, would not conſent that proteſtants ſhould have arms for the protection of their houſes againſtpillagers, another expedientwas adopted. "The French, it was ſaid, had divided the town and neighbourhood of Caſtlebar into diſtricts, appointing over each a municipal officer with a guard at his command, properly armed for the public defence; and the ſcheme had there the deſired ſucceſs. A proclamation was therefore iſſued for eſtabliſhing a ſimilar form through the canton over which Charoſt preſided. The country was thrown into departments: A magiſtrate, to be elected by his neighbours, was to take charge of each with the help of a guard of ſixteen or twenty men: arms and ammunition were to be diſtributed to theſe, under an expreſs ſtipulation, that neither officers nor men ſhould be marched out of their reſpective departments, nor employed againſt their ſovereign, nor in any ſervice except that of keeping the peace. The town of Killala was committed to the protection of one hundred and fifty men, in three bodies, all to be obſervant of the orders of Mr. James Devitt, the civil magiſtrate unanimouſly choſen by the people, becauſe he was a ſubſtantial tradeſman, a roman catholic, and a man of ſenſe and moderation. He had under him two aſſiſtants of his own religion. The benefits of this regulation were felt immediately in the eſtabliſhment of tolerable order and quiet, at leaſt in and about the town; and without doubt they would have been felt to a greater extent, if the French power had been firmer.

"The example of Killala was preſently copied in the other departments. Magiſtrates were elected, always roman catholics, but commonly of the better ſort among them, perſons who had no deſire to take arms againſt the Britiſh government. Some of theſe applied to the biſhop for his opinion, whether they ſhould incur the penalties of treaſon by acting under a foreign power, merely for the common ſafety, and under the conditions ſtated above. His anſwer was, that he was no lawyer; but having always found the law of England to be conſonant to reaſon, he would take upon him to ſay, there could be no law forbidding

to do, under theſe circumſtances, what was abſolutely enjoined by the great law of ſelf-preſervation. It is reported that, when the rebellion was over, ſeveral perſons muttered againſt this doctrine. It might be conceded, they ſaid, to the exiſting terror, but it was not ſound, becauſe it might be employed as an excuſe for a tame and prompt ſubmiſſion to any invaders. To ſuch tranquil declaimers on the merit of caſting away life and property, in preference to bowing the head to a ſtorm, it is obvious to reply, that had they changed ſituations with thoſe who actually felt the diſtreſs, it is more than probable they would have ſeen good reaſon to adopt the very conduct, which in the fulneſs of ſecurity they take upon them to condemn."*

This temporary ſyſtem of police, imperiouſly demanded by the ſituation of affairs, though it proved in general of very great utility, was not always effectual for the prevention of plunder. The rebel guards " had the power at any inſtant to throw open the houſes to their companions abroad, and let in depredation at leaſt, if nothing worſe. And this was a miſchief too that happened not unfrequently. At Caſtle-Lacken, Caſtlereagh, and other houſes belonging to proteſtants, where guards had been ſtationed, the ſoldiers proved traitors, and admitted rogues from without to plunder the families they were ſent to defend.† The village of Mulhfarragh, a colony of induſtrious preſbyterian weavers from Ulſter, on pretence of ſearching for arms, was ranſacked in three nocturnal invaſions of the rebels, till there was nothing left in it worth carrying away; and this in defiance of a protection under the hand of the commandant, obtained for them and their paſtor by the biſhop. The poor ſufferers came in tears to M. Charoſt, to return him a protection which had done them no good. It ſhocked him very much. Often did he whiſper the biſhop, that no conſideration ſhould prevail on him again to truſt himſelf to ſuch a horde of ſavages as the Iriſh. The ravages of the rebels were encouraged by ſome of their chiefs; and ſpoil was not the ſole, or even principal object of their leaders, for they deſtroyed in every decent habitation much more than they carried away. Depreſſion of the induſtrious and better ſort, the univerſal levelling of conditions, in order to bring on the glorious reign of equality, ſuch appeared to be the wiſh of thoſe who aſpired at all to the praiſe of thinking, and called themſelves republicans: the mob had no prompters but luſt of pillage and ſuperſtition."

* Narrative, &c. page 54, 57.
† Idem, p. 58.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS *of* LOUIS XVIII. KING *of* FRANCE *and* NAVARRE.

LOUIS Staniſlaus Xavier, Count de Provence, ſince the aſcenſion upon the throne of France of his elder brother, the good and unfortunate Louis XVI. commonly known by the name of Monſieur, was the protector of ſciences and of men of letters from his youth, and a patriot before he was a man. In the vicious court of his grandfather, Louis XV. no malice dared to ſuſpect his morals, and no ſcandal could publiſh his vices. Like his elder brother, he loved virtue, adored religion, and reſpected the laws of his country, and the liberties and rights of his countrymen; ſtrict and ſevere with himſelf, he was indulgent to others; but barefaced wickedneſs never eſcaped his contempt, cenſure, or reprobation. The old corrupted courtier, the Duke of Richlieu, and others of his deſcription, honoured therefore the Count de Provence with the mock appellation of "the young Cato, at an old court."

When, in 1787, want of order, or profuſion, forced M. de Calonne to convoke the notables, the Count de Provence, then Monſieur, oppoſed all infraction of the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and all new burthens propoſed to be laid upon the people, becauſe, ſaid he, "I am convinced that ſome few years of œconomy and regularity will more than ſupply the deficiency of the revenue." His anſwer to M. de Calonne, who told him it was the king's deſire that the plan of finance, laid before the notables, ſhould be accepted, is well known, and has long been admired: "My heart," ſaid this prince, "is like my brother's and the people's; my underſtanding is my own; and my head is the king's." Had his advice been followed by M. de Calonne's ſucceſſors, the infamous intriguers, de Brienne and Necker, what a ſeries of wretchedneſs would both France and Europe have avoided!

At the breaking out of the French rebellion in 1789, inſtead of emigrating, as moſt of the other princes of the royal blood did, Monſieur continued in his former modeſt reſidence, and boldly defended the prerogatives of his ſovereign, as well as the claims or demands of the ſubjects, when the latter did not encroach upon the former. After the Pariſian mob and murderers had, on the 6th of October, amidſt the heads of his butchered guarde-corps upon pikes, forced Louis XVI. from Verſailles, and eſcorted him and his royal family, Monſieur took up his ſettled abode in the Luxemburgh, in the very apartments ſince occupied by the regicide Barras, and at preſent by the regicide Abbe and Senator Sieyes. He was now the only and neceſſary conſolec and friend to the deareſt of brothers and beſt of kings, whom ingratitude, deſertion, and rebellion, iſolated, made deſtitute and miſerable, though the hereditary chief over a civiliſed,

populous, and rich people. To deprive him even of this laſt conſolation, and, at the ſame time, Monſieur of his popularity, every calumny treachery could invent, and diſaffection propagate, was ſpread about by the then licentious preſſes of France. In January, 1790, the chief rebel La Fayette, and his accomplices, in hope to humiliate the brother of their king with the king himſelf, and to undermine hereditary monarchy, implicated Monſieur in a pretended conſpiracy of Marquis de Favras, and perſuaded him, under promiſe and hope of ſaving innocence from the then faſhionable lamp-poſt of the ſovereign people, to deſcend and exculpate himſelf before a vile and ſeditious municipality. His condeſcenſion and humanity had, however, not the deſired effect; La Fayette and Mirabeau, without faith and honour, as well as without loyalty, wanted to inſpire terror by the execution of Favras, who was the firſt faithful and innocent ſubject, periſhing in conſequence of a mock trial, and a mock ſentence of a mock tribunal of rebels.

From that period Monſieur was expoſed to public inſult; and with Louis XVI. threatened with continual deſtruction. Under the windows of his apartments, he heard cried about the act of accuſation againſt himſelf, and all the other Bourbons, as preparatory to their condemnation, diſtributed from the preſſes of the notorious Jacobin Prudhomme. At laſt his patience was exhauſted, and his perſonal ſafety, and the welfare of France, demanded that he ſhould try to break the bondage, under which he had for two years groaned. More fortunate, or rather leſs unfortunate, than Louis XVI. by the courageous aſſiſtance of the loyal Swede, Count de Ferſen, he eſcaped, in June, 1791, by way of Valenciennes, into Brabant; whilſt the ill-placed, though praiſe-worthy, humanity of Louis XVI. cauſed himſelf to be arreſted at Varennes. He now joined his brother, Count d'Artois, and the other princes of his houſe, at Coblentz, and began to organize an army of emigrants, according to the plan of the Emperor Leopold, and the kings of Pruſſia and Sweden, who, with their joint forces, had promiſed to re-eſtabliſh order in France, and to revenge inſulted royalty.

When the conſtituent aſſembly, with the execration of all good men, reſigned its uſurpation to the legiſlative aſſembly, compoſed of even more atrocious characters than its atrocious predeceſſor; one of its firſt decrees was, "to declare Monſieur to have forfeited his eventual right to the regency, if he did not return to France within the ſpace of two months." Without conſidering what right rebels had to dictate laws to the brother of their king, the cruel fate of Louis XVI. and his queen, of Madame Elizabeth, and of Louis XVII. ſhews what Louis XVIII. might have expected, had he truſted to their decree, and ſurrendered himſelf to their ferocity.

After

After this aſſembly had declared war againſt Auſtria and Germany, the armed loyal emigrants, collected near Coblentz, were ordered to act under the command of Monſieur, who in his turn depended upon the orders of the King of Pruſſia and the Duke of Brunſwick. Before the emigrants, called the royal army, approached the French frontiers, a manifeſto was publiſhed, and ſigned by Monſieur and the other French princes. In it was truly obſerved, " that the revolution had converted a mild people, attached to their king, into hordes of robbers, cannibals, and regicides; every idea of revenge was diſclaimed by the princes, who wiſhed only to become the deliverers of their country, and the reſtorers of good order, of laws, and of humanity." Towards the concluſion, their highneſſes gave " the moſt preſſing invitations to the French troops to return to their ancient fidelity, to their lawful ſovereign, and join thoſe forces that they commanded for him." Unfortunately, this liberal invitation was not liſtened to, being made ineffectual by the duplicity and jealouſy of Pruſſia; and twenty-two thouſand French noblemen and gentlemen, armed in the cauſe of monarchy and religion, were, by the ungenerous conduct of the Pruſſian monarch, obliged to diſperſe and to become miſerable wanderers, without a friend, without a home, and without reſources, and to exhibit their wretchedneſs in moſt parts of Europe and America, after being plundered, betrayed, and proſcribed in their own country.

Poiſon made, in 1795, the throne of France again vacant, by the death of Louis XVII. the ill-fated ſon of the ill-fated Louis XVI. who, before he had reached his ſecond luſtre, had ſeen his father, mother, and aunt, murdered, and his ſiſter with himſelf treated with brutality and cruelty, and ſuffering from want in the ſame priſon which his parents and relatives had left only to aſcend the ſcaffold. Monſieur now ſucceeded his nephew, and aſſumed the name of Louis XVIII. and the title of King of France and Navarre, and was proclaimed and acknowledged as ſuch both in the army of Conde, and by the royaliſts in La Vendee.

Louis XVIII. had ſince 1792 reſided in different parts of Germany; at Turin with his father in law, the King of Sardinia; and at laſt at Verona, under the Count de Lille. In the ſpring of 1796 the republic of Venice, to pleaſe Bonaparte, added inſult to the misfortunes of the King of France, by ordering him to quit Verona and the Venetian territory. With a ſpirit and dignity that never forſook this prince, he demanded the " Livre D'Or," containing all the names of the Venetian nobles, and erafed from it that of the Bourbons, inſcribed by his great grandfather's grandfather Henry IV. Revolutionary France always degraded thoſe governments it intended to deſtroy. The rebel Bonaparte, whom Venice had baſely flattered,

revenged

revenged the wrongs done Louis XVIII. his King. In the ſpring of 1797, by the orders of Bonaparte, Venice was no longer an independent ſtate.

In the ſummer of this year, having left Venice for Germany, a foreign aſſaſſin, or French regicide, waited for him there. Standing in the windows of an obſcure inn of a ſmall village, a ſhot was fired at this prince, which wounded him ſlightly in the head. The perpetrator of this deed has never been diſcovered; becauſe Louis XVIII. forbade all ſearch to be made, ſaying, "It muſt either be a miſtake or a premeditated crime. In the former caſe, it would be cruel to purſue; and in the latter, as I have done no human being any harm, the perſon who would murder me, has puniſhment enough in his own boſom, and wants more my forgiveneſs, than I do his death!!"

In 1798, Louis XVIII. was acknowledged by the Emperor of Ruſſia, Paul the Firſt, as King of France and Navarre; and was invited by him to reſide in the ducal caſtle at Mittau, until he could reſtore him to the throne of his anceſtors. The French king left therefore the army of Condé, with whom he had for near two years ſhared all privations, penury, wants, and dangers, At Mittau the King of France was firſt treated with all the honours due to a ſovereign, and which another more fortunate, liberal minded ſovereign could beſtow. He had a guard of honour of 200 Ruſſians in his caſtle, beſides a body guard of French noblemen, created for him and paid by the Emperor. The Ruſſian commander at Mittau was entirely under his orders, and his levees were crowded by the nobility of Courland, Livonia, and Ruſſia. As the pecuniary bounties of Paul were more than ſufficient for a prince, economical from principle, and cuſtom, as well as from delicacy, a number of ruined emigrants flocked to Ruſſia to ſhare them. The duration of this proſperous adverſity was not long. The generous but weak emperor, ſeduced by republican intrigues, ſuddenly changed his conduct, and, adopting the ignoble ſentiments of his new ignoble friend Bonaparte, ſent the king he had acknowledged and invited to his dominions, orders to leave the Ruſſian territory within a week. Three months previous to this order, the payment of the uſual penſion had been withheld; Louis XVIII. and all Frenchmen at Mittau were, therefore, reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs, becauſe they had all been ordered to depart with their king.

The Ducheſs of Angouleme, the virtuous daughter of Louis XVI, had never ceaſed to reſide with her uncle, ſince ſhe had recovered her liberty, and married her firſt couſin. Louis XVIII. always the ſame, told her his determination "to quit, within twenty-four hours, a country where inſult and humiliation had taken the place of hoſpitality; and that, as he had no means to travel as he had formerly done, and the little money

he poſſeſſed was neceſſary for the ſupport of thoſe of his ſubjects who had accompanied him, he would, the next day, on foot, leave Mittau, and ſhew the unfortunate French emigrants, an example how to ſupport misfortunes!" At her marriage, the Ducheſs of Angouleme had received from her firſt couſins, the Emperor and Empreſs of Germany, an *ecrin*, or jewel-box; without informing any body of her intent, ſhe ſent for ſome Jews, and obtained, upon theſe jewels, a ſum of money, ſufficient, not only for her uncle's travelling expences, but enough to provide for the preſent wants of her countrymen at Mittau; and when her uncle the next morning found out this generous act, the tears of all relieved Frenchmen told their prince, that by preſſing his niece to his boſom, he ſhould reward, inſtead of reſenting, the firſt act of her life which ſhe ever concealed from him. This young princeſs had, in the dungeons of the Temple, early learnt to know the little value, both of jewels, rank, and life, as well as the real duty of humanity, and the worth of undeſerved wretchedneſs!

After ſome wandering in the wilds of inhoſpitable Pruſſia, the policy of Bonaparte to keep Louis XVIII. at a diſtance from his kingdom, left him at laſt permiſſion to inhabit the caſtle of the dethroned king of Poland at Warſovia, where, in more fortunate times, one of his own anceſtors, Henry III. had ruled as a king; where his maternal grandfather, Staniſlaus, had been elected a king by a Poliſh diet, and proſcribed as an uſurper by a Poliſh faction. What cruel remembrances, what ſad reflections, for the well-informed and active mind of Louis XVIII!

The quiet of this retreat was diſturbed laſt February by another humiliation from another king. The Pruſſian preſident, Meyer, had the audacity to aſk Louis XVIII. to renounce, what he had no right to renounce, the throne of France, in favour of a murderer and poiſoner, whom crime and ſucceſs, and not merit or choice, had ſeated upon it. The well-known noble and dignified anſwer of this prince muſt convince Mr. Meyer, and all Europe, that though fortune may deſert virtue, and make it diſtreſſed or miſerable, ſhe is unable to degrade or to diſhonour it.

The preſent magnanimous Ruſſian emperor provides now, with imperial liberality, for the neceſſities of Louis XVIII. and his few followers, in the former capital of Poland, where religion conſoles and ſtudy improves the knowledge of one of the moſt humane and beſt-informed amongſt modern ſovereigns; whoſe conſtancy and courage, during a long and unexampled adverſity, have only been ſurpaſſed by his modeſty and moderation, when ſurrounded with every thing that made rank illuſtrious, ambition tempting, and life deſirable.

This portrait of an unfortunate king is hiſtorical and not flattered; it contains hiſtorical facts, and not imaginary fictions.

A Chriſtian

A Chriſtian ſubmits, but an heathen would have exclaimed, "that the decrees of providence are incomprehenſible, if not unjuſt, when Bonaparte proſpers while Louis XVIII. ſuffers; when Bonaparte reigns in France, whilſt Louis XVIII. is an exile in Poland!"

DESCRIPTION *of the* RHINOCEROS.

MR. Bruce's deſcription of the manners of the two horned rhinoceros, is highly worthy of notice. He informs us, that, "beſide the trees, capable of moſt reſiſtance, there are, in the vaſt foreſts within the rains, trees of a ſofter conſiſtence, and of a very ſucculent quality, which ſeems to be deſtined for his principal food. For the purpoſe of gaining the higheſt branches of theſe, his upper lip is capable of being lengthened out ſo as to increaſe his power of laying hold with it, in the ſame manner the elephant does with his trunk. With this lip, and the aſſiſtance of his tongue, he pulls down the upper branches, which have moſt leaves, and theſe he devours firſt; having ſtripped the tree of its branches, he does not therefore abandon it, but, placing his ſnout as low in the trunk as he finds his horns will enter, he rips up the body of the tree, and reduces it to thin pieces like ſo many laths; and, when he has thus prepared it, he embraces as much of it as he can in his monſtrous jaws, and twiſts it round with as much eaſe as an ox would do a root of celery, or any ſuch pot-herb or garden-ſtuff."

REMARKS *on the* CHARACTER *of* FRENCHMEN.

By M. DUCLOS.

OF all the nations in the world the French are ſuppoſed to have varied leaſt in point of general character. The ſame characteriſtics have diſtinguiſhed them in every period and ſtate of ſociety. The Frenchman of the preſent time is viſible in the Frenchman of the era of the cruſades; and by going upwards to the ancient Gauls, we ſhall obſerve further marks of reſemblance.

That nation has always been famed for vivacity, gaiety, bravery, and generoſity; and has likewiſe been ſtigmatiſed for preſumption, inconſtancy, and want of conſideration. The good qualities of that people come from the heart, and their bad ones are derived from their intellectual defects: nevertheleſs, their failings are corrected or balanced by their amiable qualities, and every thing concurs, perhaps, in an equal degree, to make the

French the moſt ſociable people in the world. The great defect of Frenchmen is, that conſidering themſelves always as young, and ſcarcely ever as men; by that fatal deluſion they are often rendered agreeable, but very ſeldom ſteady and conſtant to their purpoſe: they have no age of maturity, but make a ſudden tranſition from youth to decrepitude. Their talents diſcover themſelves at an early period but they are neglected through diſſipation; and when they wiſh to turn them to advantage, the period for which they are deſtined is always paſt, and few Frenchmen are to be found who can rely on their own experience. They are the only people whoſe morals may be depraved without their hearts being corrupted, and their courage degenerating; they combine the heroic qualities with the purſuit of pleaſure, with luxury, and effeminacy; their virtues are not well balanced, nor are their vices durable and conſiſtent.

The character of Alcibiades is not uncommon in France. Though irregular and capricious in their manners, and their habits of thinking, yet their diſpoſition does not totally diveſt them of frankneſs, and a great ſhare of natural goodneſs of heart. Vanity inſpires them with the deſire of being amiable, and the more they pleaſe, the more deſirous they are of attachment and affection. That degree of frivolous vanity, which is injurious to the diſplay of their talents and good qualities, preſerves them, at the ſame time, from deliberate villainy and crimes of the deepeſt dye; perfidy is not familiar to them, and intrigue is foreign to their character. If, however, there have been inſtances of execrable and odious exceſſes among them, they have been found to diſappear from the influence of the national character, rather than from the ſeverity of their own laws.

On ATTENTION.

ATTENTION is not only neceſſary to the improvement of our perceptive, but is eſſential to the operation of all our intellectual faculties. How much memory depends upon it, is known to all. By habitual exerciſe its operation becomes ſo quick, as to require, in ſome inſtances, no inconſiderable degree of reflection, to make us ſenſible of its having actually been exerted.

Dr. Stewart, with that enlightened penetration which characterizes all his obſervations, has traced the operation of attention in ſome of thoſe actions, which philoſophers had formally conſidered as mechanical. He has, I think, moſt ſatisfactorily proved, that the moſt rapid performer in muſic muſt neceſſarily pay attention to every note he plays, though his attention is ſo evaneſcent as to leave no conſciouſneſs of its exertion.

Anſwer, by R. Thomas, of Bridgewater, to Primroſe's Charade, inſerted Dec. 5

IN PARADISE LOST, by Milton, you may ſee,
" Sublime ideas in variety."

*** We have received the like anſwer from G. Hollands; T. Rutger of Clowance; R. Horſey, of Wellington; and William Gifford, of South Petherton.

Anſwer, by T. Rutger of Clowance, to T. Bullock's Charade, inſerted December 5.

CAPRICE it is that forms your myſtic whole,
Which oft diſplays a weak, unguarded ſoul.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; G. Hollands; R. Thomas, of Bridgewater; W. Bickham, jun. and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; R. Bartlett, of Lopen; J. Channon, of Ottery; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; R. Horſey, of Wellington; W Gifford, of South Petherton; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Strong, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; and P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CHARADE, *by J. Channon, of Ottery.*

TRANSOSE a tree, then add a *P*,
My firſt will come to view;
Thoſe we employ do oft with joy
Receive my next when due:
The whole with ſplendour doth ſhine bright,
Which you with eaſe will bring to light:

A REBUS, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

MY firſt commemorates the day
Of our Redeemer's birth;
And o'er my next are borne away
The treaſures of the earth;
But oft my third ſo boiſterous is,
My fourth can't venture there;
And when my fifth each mountain ſhakes,
My ſixth trembles for fear.
The initials then connect aright,
A poet they will ſhew,
Whoſe works afford mankind delight,
And now, kind Sirs, adieu.

A REBUS, *by R. Berry, of South Molton.*

A Place of worſhip make appear;
A foreign fruit you'll then declare;
A note in muſic next propoſe;
An under-teacher now diſcloſe;
Fifthly an officer detect;
An Indian herb you will ſelect;
Seventhly name a ponderous weight;
A happy country I entreat:
Join the initials, and you'll name
A character you'll often view;
O happy ſex! this I'll reclaim,
And baniſh folly—ſo adieu!

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An occaſional Prologue, ſpoken to the hiſtorical Play of Edward the Black Prince, preſented by the young Gentlemen of Mr. Weatherdon's Academy, in Newton Abbot, at their annual Exhibition, December, 1803.

REVOLVING time, with daily ſwift career,
Brings on the period of another year;
Again we welcome you our play to ſee,
Ere we cloſe books for eighteen hundred three.

Yet know, our preſent company is new,
Of actors prov'd we have but very few:
As fickle fortune turns her wheel around,
Certain viciſſitudes by *all* are found:
We've felt a change; our chiefs are moſtly gone,
Who on theſe boards repeatedly have ſhone;
Completely fraught with academic lore,
They made their exits—here to ſtrut no more;
To youthful feats and ſports they've bid adieu,
And now the toilſome ſcenes of life purſue:
We alſo ſoon, advancing on in age,
Muſt in the tumults of the world engage;
But whilſt we all beneath this roof remain,
Our only care is learning to attain;
With uſeful knowledge to enrich the mind,
With moral precepts, and with truths refin'd;
T' improve behaviour, poliſh manners well,
And ſtrive in true politeneſs to excel.
Theſe are the objects then we have in view,
For theſe theatric meaſures we purſue:
But hard's the taſk to meet the critic's eye,
Which every imperfection will eſpy.

From all who therefore occupy theſe ſeats,
Kindneſs and ſmiles our company entreats;
Unſkill'd in ſcenic art, we have to fear,
Our utmoſt efforts trifling will appear;
But as improvement only is our aim,
And all endeavours ſome indulgence claim;
On this alone our hopes we firmly reſt,
That you'll applaud us, when we do our beſt.

EXIT.

Another enters and proceeds.

Ladies and gentlemen! It yet remains
For *me* t' inform you what our play contains:
Know then, the ſubject is of war's alarms,
And ſhows you France ſubdu'd by Britiſh arms.
When our Third Edward, with his warlike hoſt,
Made bold deſcents on Gallia's hoſtile coaſt,
Edward, his valiant ſon, the Black Prince nam'd,
With Britiſh courage like his ſire inflam'd,
Tho' yet a boy became in arms renown'd,
And Creſſy's fight his brow with laurels crown'd.

Again

Again on Poictier's field (our ſcene to night,)
The gallant prince diſplay'd ſuperior might;
Here num'rous Gauls in long embattled train,
Thouſands on thouſands pouring crowd the plain,
Who now in numbers vaunting, truſt to ſee
Surrounded Britons bow the humble knee,
But they, like lions ruſhing on their prey,
Fierce onſet make, and inſtant ſpread diſmay;
Thro' trembling ranks impetuous they bound,
Stab, cut, and flaſh, and ſtrew with heaps the ground;
The Gauls, thus preſs'd, in conſternation yield,
And Britain's prince victorious ſweeps the field;
To grace his triumph alſo, he obtains
Whole troops of captives, with their king in chains.

We here ſee Britons glorioufly oppoſe,
E'en ten-fold numbers of collected foes;
And ſhall th' imperious governors of France
To fetter Engliſhmen then dare advance?
Shall proud oppreſſion aim the vengeful ſtroke,
To force on freedom's neck the galling yoke?
No! Britain's ſons, with indignation rous'd,
The cauſe of liberty have well eſpous'd:
Our floating caſtles, England's nobleſt boaſt,
Command the ocean, and protect our coaſt;
Our brave militia bands, with martial glow,
In arms appear, to check the daring foe;
Whilſt thro' our land a native valour cheers,
And various parts pour forth their volunteers;
Newtonians here have caught th' inſpiring flame,
Have nobly enter'd in the liſts of fame;
'Gainſt mad democracy the ſword to wield,
Their free-born rights from tyranny to ſhield.

O may ſuch ardour others ſtill inſpire,
And emulation ev'ry boſom fire!
May *all* ſtand forward in their country's cauſe,
Firm to ſupport its government and laws;
May Britons *all* unite with heart and hand,
To guard, from foreign foes, their happy land!
And let their vengeance be with union hurl'd,
They then may bid defiance to the world.

The MOURNER.—*By Mrs.* OPIE.

HENCE, cruel life! nor more perſiſt
To warm this ſad, this broken heart;
When Henry's clay-cold lips I kiſs'd,
How welcome, death, had been thy dart!
Speechleſs, they ſay, benumb'd I ſeem'd,
While his laſt precious breath I caught;
No tears to ſooth my ſorrows ſtream'd,
And agony ſuſpended thought.
They tell me thunders rent the air,
That vivid lightnings flaſh'd around;
But I beheld no lightnings glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunders ſound.
They tell me, on the unconſcious corſe,
At length bereft of ſenſe I fell;
Ah bleſſed ſtate! of balm the ſource—
It clos'd my ears to Henry's knell.
But happy ſtate, reſembling death,
Why is your balmy ſtupor flown?
Ah! why reſtore a wretch's breath?
For can only live to moan!